

DETACHED PIECES,

IN

V E R S E;

BY

THOS. CANNINGS, PRIVATE SOLDIER, 61ST. REGT.

K

C O R K:

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T O

LIEUT. COLONEL OWEN,

61ST. REGIMENT,

SIR,

IT has been observed by some Author, that the Gratitude of a Poet is a troublesome virtue ; so, Sir, lest your ideas should be consonant with his, and you be thereby induced to reject this testimony of mine, I thought it most eligible to carry my point by Surprise ; from this acknowledgment your wonder at my not having made a formal application, will of course cease.

A 2

I believe

I believe there are two motives, that may operate on the mind of a person to whom a Dedication is proposed: the first is an innate principle of modesty, which alway accompanies real worth, and dreads to licence the pen of an unblushing Parasite. The second, though less honourable, but perhaps equally prudent, is, as the necessities of writers in general (and Poets in particular) have become proverbial, any connection with them may be considered dangerous, and the name of a Patron be thought to imply, literally, a Supporter.

But, Sir, with regard to the first of these suppositions, I hope your acquaintance with my principles, will eradicate the apprehension of disgusting flattery: and as to the latter, the separation which has taken place betwixt us, and (I will presume to say) my independant situation, have rendered no less improbable.

From

DEDICATION.

From these considerations, the only thing I have to apologize for, is the insignificance of the Pieces, I now lay before you ; and on reflection, even that becomes superfluous, as your knowledge of the situation in which they were produced, will prove a sufficient advocate for them.

Although we do not hear that Mars, and the Muses, were ever very intimate, yet, in the personage I now take the liberty of addressing, are happily blended the SOLDIER and SCHOLAR, which rare compound, must of necessity complete the GENTLEMAN.

Notwithstanding I avoid a ceremonious Punctilio in subscribing, yet I cannot refuse myself the pleasing gratification, of assuring you with what respect,

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

THO^S. CANNINGS.

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PREFACE

P R E F A C E.

WHEN I sat down to write a Preface, and reconnoitred the numerous paths in the introductory Avenue, I found them all so beaten, that it seemed impossible to proceed, without treading in the steps of some antecedent Parnassian traveller.

The modest dove-like Authors, tell us, they could not be prevailed on to lay in their claim to the laurel, until dragged to it by the *requests of their numerous friends*. Some, inflamed with a noble rage at seeing their immaculate productions, sacrilegiously mutilated, or corrupted; zealously gather the precious fragments, and restore them to the world in their pristine purity. Others are induced to publish by
pure

pure philanthropy, and commence with informing the *Courteous Reader*, what inestimable benefit he is to reap from the succeeding pages.

The pedantic tribe of writers, enhance their works by enumerating how much of their invaluable time was spent in the performance, what fatigue and application it cost them, and how many hours were extorted from sleep, while the indefatigable labourers were scorching their wigs over the midnight taper. The *Gentleman Author* (to raise our admiration at the fertility of his genius) swears handsomely, that he took neither time, nor pains, with what he presents you; the whole being nothing more than spontaneous mushrooms of his exuberant fancy. The numerous fry of pigmy scriblers (like myself) generally invoke sympathy by assuring the *indulgent Public*, that their productions were written under the age of twenty, or amidst the hurry of business.

So,

So, sagacious Reader, thou art now convinced, that let me pursue what route I will, I must inevitably be a copyist, such I say thou art convinced of; and now I will let thee see that thou knowest nothing of the matter.

Suppose I was to begin my Preface with telling thee, that I published at the instigation of Folly, merely to gratify my vanity; would not that be something out of the trite direction? and I dare say thou wouldst readily believe me; but if thou didst, thy credulity, would be equal to my duplicity. Did not the splendid Half-Crown, when thou wast parting with it, whisper thee that something more ponderous than vanity drew forth this valuable acquisition to the Literary World.

But

But it is now high time to come to the point, and as I wish to gratify the curiosity of a sanguine Reader, I promise him, that when he has gone about One Hundred and Twenty Pages further, he will find the very quintessence of Prefatorial information.

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ERRATA.

Page 16 (Preface) for *Prefatorial* read *Prefatory*,
121 line 6, for *that* read *thus*.

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C 2

Resignation

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THE

THE

DYING NEGROES.

AS Sol fled west of Britain's peerless isle,
The free-born rustic left his cheerful toil,
Inhaling fragrance from the ev'ning gale,
Whose dewy pinions fann'd the flow'ry vale;
And whistling blith he homeward trudg'd along,
While twilight's minstrel rais'd her love-tun'd song.

D

Beneath

Beneath an oak his humble mansion rose,
 Where hale content, found undisturb'd repose ;
 A much-lov'd wife to meet him swiftly sprung ;
 Around his neck the lisping infant hung ;
 A health-flush'd offspring trod the rushy floor,
 And smiling plenty pour'd her copious store.
 With conscious pride from his paternal throne,
 He view'd his realm, and felt 'twas all his own.

But ah! where Phoebus drove his fervid wain,
 And scorch'd JAMAICA glow'd amidst the main;
 Pregnant with sighs the morning breeze arose,
 Echo responded agonizing throes,
 And dire oppression bath'd the burning land,
 With tears distill'd from Afric's captive band.

There sad OROUROU lay beneath a shed,
 Chain'd by affliction to his grassy bed ;
 His tyrant's voice the victim trembling heard,
 Rais'd his dim eyes, and saw the lash prepar'd ;

Nor

Nor pray'rs, nor tears, could with the Fiend prevail,
He shook the whip, and rous'd the wretch to toil.

Nature appall'd, a transient vigour brac'd
The unstrung limbs, and sense of pain eras'd ;
With borrow'd life, he fled before the rod,
And ply'd his strength to break the stubborn clod.

But soon alas ! the mortal pang return'd,
And in his veins blood-boiling fevers burn'd ;
The torrid sun beams, on his temples beat,
The hoe fell useless at his tott'ring feet ;
In vain the scourge his body strip'd with gore,
Oppress'd with grief, he sunk to rise no more !

The aged BRUNO saw OTTOUROU fall,
And urg'd his feet, at nature's poignant call ;
To share, and mix, the life-dissolving groan,
The wretched father join'd the wretched son.

For thirty years beneath Sol's pointed ray,
 Had hoary BRUNO toil'd the fultry day,
 To set, to cut, and press the luscious cane,
 Whose guilty verdure thrives on human bane.

*(Fell diabolic plant ! thy sweets arise
 From blood, and tears, and unavailing sighs ;
 Yet though produc'd by complicated crimes,
 Thou reign'st the luxury of modern times.*

*Ye fair, whose soft, susceptible bosoms rise,
 If scenes of woe arrest your melting eyes ;
 Can ye unmov'd the fruits of murder taste,
 When morn, or eve presents the lov'd repast ?
 Where blackest guilt (array'd in fraudulent white)
 And misery, by proxy, greet your sight.)*

Now time and care had deeply trench'd his brow,
 And scatter'd o'er his rayen locks with snow ;
 His tardy blood forgot its circling course,
 His arm no more could give the mattock force,

Unfinu'd

Unfinu'd age relax'd his mortal frame,
And to a spark reduc'd the vital flame.

Otourou's head reclin'd on Bruno's knees,
Who wav'd a bough to court the balmy breeze ;
The big tear swiftly down his visage ran,
And thus the Father to his Son began :

“ Ah ! wait Otourou, once more raise thine eyes,
My shade with thine shall quickly gain the skies,
But e're we go, attend whilst I relate,
Thy father's sorrows, and thy mother's fate ;
My love forbade this tale to let thee know,
Left fruitless grief should aggravate thy woe ;
But now the scene will loose our fleeting breath,
And wing the feet of long, long wished-for death.

Far hence, on Afric's violated land,
Where Gambia's torrents roll o'er golden sand,

In

In peace our fathers pass'd their guiltless days,
 Till fordid Christians cross'd the trackless seas;
 Allur'd by wealth, they fought our injur'd shore,
 Where av'rice feasted on the shining ore;
 And grasping all that bounteous nature yields,
 They ranfack'd mountains, rivers, woods, and fields,
 Yet still insatiate—next their prowling eyes
 Were fixed on man, and man was doom'd their prize.

'Twas there my Sire his mortal course began,
 And there the infant ripen'd into man;
 When Fortune blest'd him with a virtuous bride,
 Whose hopeful offspring bloom'd the country's pride;
 As age advanc'd, he wealth and wisdom stor'd,
 And reign'd the Hamlet's patriarchal Lord.

When twenty years had circled o'er my head,
 At early dawn I left my fresh'ning bed;
 And

And lightly tripp'd along the distant road,
 To old ITANKO's far-remote abode.
 My careful Father chose this rev'rend Sage,
 The wise preceptor of my tender age;
 'Twas he who taught my artless soul to rise,
 Spurn abject earth, and soar above the skies;
 To see the hand which gave me life and food,
 And love and praise the great Supremely Good.
 Now once again I sought his blest retreat,
 And woo'd fair knowledge at the elder's feet.

Twelve moons I here a mental feast enjoy'd,
 While Virtue's charms, ITANKO's lore employ'd,
 My breast responded to the sacred strain,
 Which told the Sage he had not toil'd in vain;
 The pious seeds his hand had early sown,
 Were now to plants of stately verdure grown;
 From ev'ry branch the gems began to shoot,
 And plenteous blossoms promis'd copious fruit.

Now

Now home, dear home, usurp'd my filial soul,
 And nature yielded to the soft controul;
 At ruddy morn I left the humble cell,
 With good IRANKO's blessing and farewell,
 The old man ey'd me beating through the dew,
 Till woodlands hid me from his straining view.
 Then fond idea spurr'd my eager pace,
 And wrapt me in a father's warm embrace;
 A mother's transports spread their heart-felt charms,
 And sisters clasp'd me in their tender arms;
 The lov'd companions of my infant days
 Seem'd flocking round whilst joy flush'd ev'ry face.
 Thus flatt'ring fancy charm'd the tedious way,
 'Till sinking Phœbus upward slop'd his ray;
 And now in front the well-known vale appear'd,
 The fields and meads by ceaseless currents cheer'd,
 The palms I planted, and the close-wove bower,
 Where oft I sat at Sol's meridian hour.

I hasten'd

I hasten'd on, roll'd round my feasted eyes,
 Look'd down the lawn, and stopp'd with wild surprise!
 No Hamlet there, the op'ning prospect crown'd,
 But heaps of ashes blacken'd o'er the ground,
 A death-like silence gloomy empire held,
 Save where the pard, or hungry tyger yell'd;
 The sun declin'd, the welkin ceas'd to glow,
 Thick darkness rose, and hid the sight of woe.

With horror petrify'd I lifeless stood,
 Till day emergent left the eastern flood;
 With cheerless morn, again the scene renew'd,
 Again my eyes the dreary prospect view'd,
 My native plain was all a savage wild;
 And Monsters lurk'd where once the Village smil'd.

I turn'd my steps, forsook the sun-warm'd glade,
 And listless wander'd thro' the leafy shade;
 Beneath a tree, a meagre wretch I found,
 Whose languid eye-beams trembling met the ground;

He rais'd his head as I drew slowly near,
And deeply sighing thus address'd my ear.

" Ah hapless youth ! by poignant grief oppress'd,

" I feel the pang which writhes thy tortur'd breast ;

" I knew thy Sire, his lib'ral bounty fed

" The helpless poor, and long I ate his bread ;

" But now with beasts, I dwell amid the wood,

" And pick the berry for my scanty food.

" Attend my tale, for I alone remain

" To weep the record of the wasted plain.

" The white destroyers of our bleeding land

" Reach'd Gambia's shore, and brib'd a lawless band,

" Who lay conceal'd in this adjacent wood,

" 'Till gloomy darkness call'd them forth to blood ;

" Then issuing out, in silence bent their way,

" And unperceiv'd approach'd their slumb'ring prey.

" The war-cry echo'd thro' the realm of night,

" In vain the victims sought relief in flight,

" The

“ The village flames illum’d the murky skies,
“ And fiend-like shouts insulted frantic cries;
“ Nor sex, nor age, a partial treatment found,
“ For all were seiz’d, and all relentless bound;
“ The Demons dragg’d them to the briny shore,
“ Condemn’d alas ! to see their home no more.

“ The fell promoter’s of the cursed deed,
“ Enraptur’d saw their horrid plot succeed,
“ Receiv’d their Agents with a guilty smile,
“ And paid the purchase of the human spoil.
“ Thus deeply laden with a freight of blood,
“ They hoisted sail and plough’d the boundless flood.”

He ceas’d, and tears flow’d down his wrinkl’d cheek,
His bosom throb’d—again he strove to speak ;
But life departed with a gentle throe,
And friendly Death reliev’d the child of woe !

A prey to grief my weeping course I ply'd,
 Far up the river's ever-verdant side ;
 There fruitful palms compos'd delicious bow'rs,
 And lab'ring Bees regal'd on balmy flow'rs ;
 Wide o'er the vale luxuriant meadows spread,
 Where sportive herds in peaceful plenty fed :
 The placid Landscape on my senses stole,
 And calm'd the tumult of my troubled soul.

At fervid noon, beneath a cooling shade,
 My wond'ring eyes beheld a sleeping maid ;
 Her graceful form unnumber'd charms confess'd,
 I gazing stood, and love assail'd my breast ;
 The rustling leaves betray'd my trembling feet,
 She starting rose, and fled the lone retreat ;
 My eyes pursu'd her from the sacred spot,
 And saw her gain a distant-seated cot.

By powerful Love's resistless impulse led,
 To seek the Dame with doubtful steps I sped ;

Approach'd

Approach'd with awe the lowly mossgrown dome,
 Her Father smil'd, came forth, and led me home :
 I told my tale, all gave attentive ear,
 And kindly shed a sympathetic tear.
 Some time I pass'd in this belov'd abode,
 'Till woe's keen dart my bosom ceased to goad;
 And then each day with manly feats I strove,
 To gain ALKNOWMAC's charming Daughter's love :
 For her I brav'd the Lion's sanguine jaw,
 The Tyger's fangs, and Leopard's deadly paw;
 Discharg'd the dart, or set the wily toil,
 And woo'd the Virgin with the conquer'd spoil.
 Nor did I sue the tender Maid in vain,
 She heard my sighs, and long'd to ease my pain;
 Our mutual flame her aged Sire approv'd,
 And to my arms gave all on earth I lov'd.
 We now retired to a flow'ry lawn,
 Where rising Phoebus shed his earli'st dawn,

And

And when he glow'd with full meridian day,
 Refrig'rant shades allay'd his burning ray ;
 Beside our Cot a streamlet purl'd along,
 Surrounding Groves sent forth melodious song,
 Spontaneous fruit-trees stragg'l'd o'er the plain,
 And cultur'd plats supply'd the needful grain,
 For fish I troll'd the brook and glassy lake,
 And hunted ven'ison thro' the mazy brake.

'Twas there my Son thou first beheld'st the light,
 There my OTTOUR cheer'd his parents sight,
 Thy infant smiles our nuptial joy encrea'd,
 And Heav'n once more saw BRUNO truly blest.

At dead of night, when all the grove was still,
 Save whisp'ring breezes, or the murm'ring rill ;
 Reclining on my lovely partner's breast,
 Devoid of care, I sunk in balmy rest ;

Yet

Yet pleasing dreams my fancy still beguil'd,
 My boy still prattl'd, and his mother smil'd ;
 When Oh ! my Son, thy shrill heart-piercing cries,
 Scar'd timid slumber from my humid eyes ;
 Startled I rose—red flames assail'd my view,
 The Cottage blaz'd, the crackling rafters flew ;
 Eager I caught thee from the smoaking floor,
 And with thy mother gain'd the welcome door.
 But there, in ambush, prowling Christians lay,
 Who, as I issu'd, seiz'd their destin'd prey ;
 Trembling thou view'd'st the sanguinary race,
 And in my bosom hidd'st thy little face ;
 Thy much-lov'd Parent shriek'd with wild amaze,
 Turn'd frantic round, and rush'd amidst the blaze ;
 The falling roof o'erwhelm'd her tender frame,
 And her pure spirit mounted thro' the flame."
 Here BRUNO's soul, sad retrospection wrung,
 The tale of woe dy'd on his languid tongue ;

His

His turgid heart in heaving tumults beat,
 His quiv'ring lips in broken accents met,
 The scalding brine that in his fix'd eye stood,
 Now bursting forth, flow'd down a grateful flood.
 At length reliev'd, his fate compos'd he view'd,
 And thus again the mournful strain pursu'd.

" When in the brake, a toil the Hunter lays,
 And snares the Fawn that thro' the thicket plays;
 He hauls the victim from his native wood,
 And unrelenting sheds his guiltless blood :
 So I was dragg'd from all my soul held dear,
 Save thee Otrourou partner of my care;
 And bath'd in tears, I look'd a last farewell
 To thy lost Mother, and the smoking Cell,
 From thence was wafted down the Gambian tide,
 To where old Ocean rolls in awful pride;
 The vessel there in guilty triumph rode,
 Whose savage crew inflam'd our lov'd abode;

And

And now the Bark, rapacious as the Tomb,
 Yawning receiv'd us in its dismal womb ;
 There heaps of Afric's weeping children lay,
 Shut from the breeze, and gladsome light of day ;
 There the fond mother saw her child expire,
 And filial Sons groan'd o'er their breathless Sire ;
 There the rack'd husband view'd his youthful Bride
 Torn by the Spoiler, from his faithful side ;
 From thence, e'en Hope withdrew her cheering ray,
 And black Despair usurp'd despotic sway.

On planks extended, and like Tygers chain'd,
 The sad survivors nameless woe sustain'd ;
 Long, long they languish'd on their native shore,
 And sigh'd responsive to the billows roar ;
 Whilst thou, my Son, didst sport unconscious round,
 And clink the fetters that thy Father bound.

At length our Tyrants loos'd the spreading sail,
 Their anchors weigh'd, and watch'd the rising gale ;

F

Beheld

Beheld with joy the lagging canvas strain,
And glided swiftly o'er the foaming main.

Two ling'ring Moons the vessel cut the wave,
Whilst half our number gain'd a welcome grave ;
Their happier lot, the wretched remnant ey'd,
And courted Death, but Death their suit deny'd.

One morn when Sol had just diffus'd his light,
Loud shouts proclaim'd this blood-stain'd Isle in fight;
At burning noon, a-head the harbour bore,
And setting Phœbus saw us reach the shore.
Some days from hence, the horrid mart began,
Where human monsters barter'd gold for MAN,
And there, once more, the ruthless sons of gain,
Broke ev'ry link of bleeding nature's chain;
From my fond arms my shrieking boy was torn,
And far away by fordid ruffians borne ;
But there thy eyes sent forth a ceaseless flood,
Nor wouldst thou taste the stranger tyrant's food ;

So

So av'rice mov'd, when pity cry'd in vain,
And thou wast sent to bless my eyes again.

From thence, expos'd beneath the parching sun,
My toilsome days their weary course have run ;
The knotted lash, in many a yawning score,
Has often mark'd my reeking limbs with gore ;
And ah ! OTOUROU"—here the Father ceased ;—
His hand, the Son with filial ardour press'd ;
But language fail'd—their trembling eye-beams met ;
Their blood recoil'd—each pulse supinely beat ;
OTOUROU'S arms his father circl'd round,
And side by side, they stretch'd along the ground.

Six days had BRUNO wander'd thro' the fields,
And fed on what the shrubby thicket yields ;
For when his strength gave way to age and toil,
And he no more could dress the matted foil,
His flinty Lord withdrew his scanty fare,
And left the wretch to famine and despair.

But now set free, their spirits left the clay,
 And rose in comfort to the realms of Day :
 Loud sigh'd the breeze that round their relics flew;
 Their stiff'ning bodies flash'd with pearly dew;
 Till Night descended in a weeping cloud,
 And o'er the victims threw a sable shroud.

A PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SCHOOL FOR RAKES.*

A

COMEDY;

Supposed to be spoken by the Author's Comrade,
who comes forward on the Stage with
a Play-book in his hand.

MY Comrade write this Play!—'tis all a joke,
A Soldier's theme is slaughter, fire, and smoke—
Thro' seas of blood, the Hero wades to Fame,
Nor deigns to court the flimsy Comic Dame.

Let's

* Some months ago the Author wrote a Comedy which he called A SCHOOL FOR RAKES, and intended to submit it to the Public; but he has since found, that there already exists a Play of that name, and though not in the least similar to his, with regard to the subject, yet, to remove the most distant appearance of plagiarism, he thought proper to alter the Piece as far as might be necessary to admit of another Title.—He has here given the Prologue he wrote for it, in its original state.

Let's see who's here. [*Looking round and fixing his eyes on
the Ladies*] Ha h! flutt'ring heart what's this?

Didst thou e'er tremble at the bullet's hiss?

Or startle to behold the falchion rise?

Yet here thou pant'st before these conq'ring eyes.

Ah! now I see the tender Poet's views,

'Twas pity chose the mirth-inspiring Muse;

What savage Author with a tale of woe,

Would writhe your breasts, and cause the tear to flow?

This night the Bard, to recompense his toil,

Petitions only for a gracious smile.

But what's the plot? [*Looks in the book*] I hope he will
not plague ye

About the Chaplain, and the Col'nel's Lady;

Or agitate his noble Captain's ears

With stoppages, and long unpaid arrears;

Gad, if he so should exercise his quill,

He may depend on being sent to drill.

A SCHOOL

A SCHOOL FOR RAKES—O Sirs that can't alarm ye,
 Rakes never officer the British Army :
 The Scene's in Paris—Hah, the plot I see,
 He told the story long ago to me ;
 You wonder now good folks what made him roam,
 Could he not draw his characters at home ?
 I'll give his reason—he has in his list,
 A faithless Wife, and criminated Priest ;—
 The like, you've heard, in foreign climes appear,
 But who such prodigies would look for here ?
 Go thro' the House, Box, Gallery or Pit,
 Where *fauteils* Wives beside their Spousies sit ;
 Fearless the fair one strokes her deary's brow,
 No Cornu there proclaims the broken vow.
 In vain the Author might Old Baily summons,
 Or trace the registers of Doctor's Commons ;
 No clerical, or nuptial, crimes defile
 The spotless annals of a British Isle.*

The

* This part is delivered ironically.

[Looks toward the end of the book.]

The Poet here, in coming to conclusion,
 Has introduc'd the Gallic Revolution ;
 Drawn Despotism in its native hue,
 And dragg'd Baffilian tyranny to view ;
 But with what skill he humb'y leaves to you.

Against the Critic, now he takes the plain,
 And bravely ventures on his first campaign ;
 A soldier knows no fear—he'll do his best,
 And leave to you and Providence the rest.

THE PATRIOT.

WHEN BUMPKIN BOOBY came to town,
He took his lodgings at the Crown;
Next morning (with his Sunday dress on)
He went to Court to get his lesson;
And there produc'd his commendation,
With proffer'd service to the nation.

Sir COURTLY took him by the hand,
With " Sir, your servant at command ;

G

: Believe

“ Believe me, none can with you better,
“ And by your noble Patron's letter
“ I find you take your seat to-morrow,
“ To represent his Lordship's Borough ;
“ And then, I doubt not, your behaviour
“ Will quickly merit Royal favour :
“ You need not care a single soufe,
“ What's going forward in the House ;
“ On right and wrong let others plead,
“ But follow you as I shall lead :
“ If to these precepts you adhere,
“ You'll soon return a pension'd Peer.

This Booby heard with deep attention,
And smack'd his lips at sound of Pension ;
Bow'd low—engag'd his strict compliance,
And bade the factious Whigs defiance.

Dismiss'd—he hasten'd to his quarters
With noddle full of Stars and Garters ;

Now

Now long'd for night, and when it came,
 He burn'd for day with equal flame.
 At length the happy morn appear'd,
 He rose and reap'd his rustic beard;
 A Friseur next assumes his station,
 The untrain'd locks to mould in fashion;
 Thus trimm'd—he gains the House in state,
 Goes thro' the form, and takes his seat;
 Around him throng, in thick array,
 The CICERO'S of modern day,
 Whose flow'ry elocution flows,
 In splendid adverbs, AYES and NOES;—
 This day the WAYS and MEANS were brought
 on,
 And Whig, and Tory, pellmell fought on;
 Whilst BOOBY, and the Dummys round,
 With *mouth* and *ears* caught ev'ry sound;
 Look'd *wisely* on the tongue-war drudges,
 And sat with consequence of Judges.

But Phoebus soon withdrew his head,
 Dame Luna rose—men went to bed—
 The Senators began to yawn,
 And *nod* assent to pro and con;
 Dull Sleep proclaims the midnight hour,
 And Booby sinks beneath his pow'r.

Now fraudulent fancy wafts him home,
 And feasts him in his natal Dome,
 Possess'd of all the wealth and honour,
 Just promis'd by his courteous donor:
 A goodly group, beside his fire,
 Congratulate the Lorded 'Squire;
 The Vicar, Curate, village Doctor,
 Attorney, and his Lordship's Proctor,
 Expecting by his grace to rise,
 Appear with triumph in their eyes;
 Whilst he, amidst the needy band,
 Distributes with unsparing hand

Commissions

Commissions—Places—Pensions—Livings—

And promises exceed his givings.

The Parson's Wife, and daughter RuBY,

Obeisance pay to Lady BOOBY ;

The parish bells his Lordship hears,

And joyous shouts salute his ears ;

His fame thro' all the country ran ;—

Was ever such a happy man ?

But while his Morphean Godship drew

This pleasing scene in BOOBY'S view,

The noisy Budget-bus'ness clos'd,

And panting Champions fat compos'd—

The breath-rais'd tempest thus subside,

And Question put—the House divided ;

Whilst BOOBY, void of party gall,

Was still a Lord at LUEBER HALL ;

He fancy'd now his Levee gone ;

And he and spoufy left alone ;

Who

Who, tho' a mighty loving pair,
 Sometimes had words, yet very rare;
 But discord, in an evil hour,
 Approach'd this sacred nuptial bow'r;
 My Lady in her grogram gown,
 Insisted she would go to town,
 And her demand my Lord opposes,
 Till hands at length fall foul of noses;
 "Now," cries my Lady, "thall I go,"
 His Lordship stoutly bellows—"No,"
 When ah! curse on it! COURTLY'S Teller
 Was twitching BOOBY by the smeller!
 Throughout the Dome the NO resounded,
 His dreaming Lordship wakes confounded,
 Starts up, looks round, and rubs his eyes,
 Sir COURTLY views him with surprize!
 In whose grim looks the hapless 'Squire
 Saw Title—Pension—Place expire.

The

The bus'ness done—and House adjourn'd—
 He to the Crown again return'd,
 But, how unlike the former night!
 He now abhors approaching light,
 And on his bed till mid-day tosses,
 Reflecting on his recent losses;
 When COURTLY'S valet, TEAGUE O'BLUNDER,
 Raps at the door like harvest thunder;
 A letter from the Knight his master,
 Compleats the Senator's disaster.
 He here is stil'd a Renegade,
 And vengeance threaten'd on his head:
 Assur'd that at the next election,
 He may expect a just-ejection.

Thus BOOBY finds his wealth and fame,
 Evanish with his luckless dream:
 And now, (like others in disgrace,
 Who rail, because deny'd a Place;)

He

He mourns the ruin of the nation,
And censures ev'ry man in station ;
Shows how our ancient strength relaxes,
And groans beneath the People's taxes ;
Displays the Crown's profuse expences,
And WHIG and PATRIOT, commences.

BALDWIN

BALDWIN AND GENEVIVE:

A

A LEGENDARY TALE.

THE rosy Port'refs of the East

Unbars the gates of Day;

The shades of Night fly down the west

Before the solar ray.

The drum throughout the tented plain,

Salutes the morning watch,

The lark ascends—the Cottage swain

Forfakes his humble thatch.

H

And

And now to Odo's splendid Court

Contending Chiefs repair ;

The day's proclaim'd for martial sport—

The prize—a Peerless FAIR.

The haughty Odo's proud domain

Near antient Rouen lay,

And widely o'er the Gallic plain

He bore imperious sway.—

Blood-stain'd oppression, and caprice,

With him walk'd hand in hand,

And fore he crush'd, by mad decrees,

The vassals of his land.

Yet he possess'd a darling child,

Who well deserv'd his love ;

No summer's eve was half so mild,

When zephyrs fan the grove ;

Her

Her brow display'd a Heav'nly zone,

Her cheeks Aurora's die;

Her eyes two radiant planets shone—

Her face a placid sky;

Her person was of Angel's mould,

Where ev'ry grace combin'd

To form a casket fit to hold

The jewel of her mind;

For there, as in celestial soil,

Spontaneous virtues grew;

And Heav'n without a gracious smile,

Could not her bosom view.

Now at the ring, the Baron's bold,

Appear in fulgent arms;

Their hearts inflam'd by Odo's gold

And beauty's potent charms.

For Odo swore the stoutest Peer,
Should win the Maid and dower;
But none must charge the martial spear,
Save Lords of wealth and power.

Within the List the Rivals stand,
Their eyes indignant glare;
The Herald waits to give command,
On signal from the FAIR.

But GENEVIVE the noble prize,
Had not assum'd her seat;
To seek her out the Father flies,
Rage wing'd his aged feet.

He search'd the Maiden's chamber round,
The Palace thro' and thro',
And when he could not there be found,
He to the garden flew.

The

The Virgin oft was thither led,

By contemplation's power;

And many a lovelorn tale she read,

In her sequester'd Bower;

But other sorrows now possess'd

Her sympathetic heart,

For ah! the Maid's susceptible breast

Felt Love's resistless dart.

Young BALDWIN, Vassal of her Sire,

Had long in secret fight'd

And long the half-concealed fire

The conscious Nymph had ey'd;

In unison their bosoms hove,

Both shed the silent tear;

For both to hide the passion strove,

Restrain'd by virtuous fear.

The

The Youth possess'd a princely mien,

His heart was stout and good,

Nor was his rural lineage mean,

Tho' not of noble blood.

His Father's valour and his own,

Had oft been bravely try'd,

His Father fell without a groan,

And for his country dy'd;

'Twas BALDWIN then who won the day,

His arm was instant death;

And well he made the foe to pay,

For good old RANDAL's breath.

Yet he would melt at human woe,

O'er age or sickness bend,

Forgive a condescending foe,

Or prove the needy's friend ;

His

His soul was white-rob'd truth itself,
 Nor wealth, nor pow'r could move,
 And scorning Odo's canker'd pelf,
 Sought only virtuous Love.

When this fair morning blushing rose,
 He left his restless bed,
 In vain he there had sought repose,
 For all repose was fled ;

And now, a prey to poignant grief,
 To Odo's Court he came,
 There only, he could find relief,
 Or end his hopeless flame.

The Maid with equal care oppress'd,
 Had pass'd the matin hour,
 Her fate revolving in her breast,
 Beneath her fragrant bow'r.

Thither

Thither the Youth with trembling feet,
 Was borne by vent'rous Love,
 She starts—their eyes with ardour meet,
 And silence hush'd the grove.

At length her hand the Lover caught,
 And kneel'd before the Dame,
 His love, consenting blushes brought—
 But now the Father came!

And ah! what pen, tho' dipp'd in blood,
 The pair's distress can draw?
 With cholar choak'd the Baron stood—
 They—petrify'd with awe.

Like Etna's flame, the rage got vent,
 From Odo's turgid breast;
 With lightning eyes on BALDWIN bent,
 He thus the Swain address'd:

And

“ And hast thou dar'd to raise thine eyes

“ To one of Odo's blood ?”

He paus'd—“ She shall be thine,” he cries,

“ I'll make my promise good.

“ This deed proclaims her spurious foul,

“ So Slave she shall be thine ;

“ Her tainted name shall ne'er enroll

“ In Odo's princely line.

“ But daring Vassal, mark the terms,

“ Up yon steep mountain's breast,

“ Thou hence shalt bear her in thy arms,

“ Nor once presume to rest.”

Transported, Baldwin seiz'd his bride,

Affum'd his charming load,

Nor e'er the long, long distance ey'd

But ply'd his pleasing road.

The wond'ring suiters quit the green,
Which was their worth to prove;
And crowd to view the strife between,
Barbarity and Love.

Soon BALDWIN gain'd the mountain's base,
And upward lightly sprung;
His motion quick'ned ev'ry pace—
Love wafted him along.

But hapless youth ! his swift career
At length begins to fail ;
His fainting body feels a tear,
From ev'ry pore exhale.

The panting heart of GENEVIVE
Throbs hard on BALDWIN's breast ;
Her cheeks the transient roses leave,
Thick mists her eyes invest.

And

And " Ah my Love forbear," she cries,

" To tempt the dangerous steep ;

See where the summit through the skies,

O'erlooks the distant deep.

" Below, the stout, athletic croud,

" A pigmy race appears ;

" Around our heads, the thick'ning cloud

" Tremendous thunder bears."

" Dear GENEVIVE" the youth replies,

" Ah ! raise thy face divine ;

" Bend, bend on me thy beaming eyes,

" And tell me thou art mine.

" Ah ! say you love me, charming maid,

" That sound will cheer my soul,

" With giant-strength, my limbs pervade,

" And bear me to the goal."

The melting Virgin owns her flame,
 No fears her thoughts restrain;
 She calls by ev'ry tender name,
 The joy-bewilder'd Swain.

The feet of BALDWIN swiftly rise,
 No more he feels his weight,
 "Now," cries the youth, "I'd mount the skies,
 "And reach the heav'nly gate."

Exulting shouts in peals ascend
 From all the valley round;
 "Brave BALDWIN hath the goal attain'd,"
 The hills and dales resound.

Her snowy arms, the raptur'd maid,
 Around her lover throws;
 "Our cares" says she, "are now repaid,
 "My friend, my love, my spouse.

"O blifs

" O blifs supreme ! extatic joy !

" To this, a regal Crown,

" Appears a paltry, gilded toy,

" For BALDWIN's all my own.

" And now my life"—but oh ! his face
Is turn'd to deadly white ;

He finks within the maid's embrace,
Death clouds his fainting fight.

Deep groans in hollow murmurs rife,
And hover round the pair ;
The plain emits a gale of fighs,
And Odo feels despair !

For BALDWIN overcome with toil,
Had yielded up his breath ;
And stretch'd along the rocky foil,
Amid the mountain heath.

His

His lovely, faithful, virgin Bride,
Shriek'd loud, and lifeless fell;
Her cheeks, that erst with roses vied,
Are now as lillies pale.

Her Father reach'd the mournful scene,
And view'd his murder'd child;
His teeth he gnash'd with anguish keen,
His eyes glar'd fierce and wild.

The Fiends of guilt his bosom tear,
He looks—now shuns the sight;
And urg'd at length by fell despair,
Plung'd headlong from the height!

The sympathetic Nymphs and Swains,
Bear hence the lovers clay;
And in one grave, the fair remains,
Embalm'd in tears they lay.

Now

Now o'er their consecrated mould
 Religion rais'd a Dome ;
 Where pious maidens vigils hold,
 And hymn around their tomb.

Thus Rouen's Priory arose,
 Which still adorns the vale ;
 And record, faithful to their woes,
 Immortaliz'd the tale.

SONG

SONG.

AIR—MY ZELICA NOW.

THO' the Lords of Creation seem form'd in a league,
 To hold feminine Wisdom as facile and vague ;
 Yet the Wit of a Woman's the life of intrigue,
 And that the men find when they're married.

When we issue from childhood and throw by our toys,
 The soft prate of a Beau our attention employs ;
 But virginity prompts us to seek other joys,
 And as fast as we can to get married.

And no sooner has Hymen accepted our vows,
 Than displeas'd with the liberty wedlock allows,
 We but seldom fail horning a wife-pated spouse,
 In a week or two after we're married.*

The

* The Author requests his Fair Readers to consider this, and some of the following Songs, as adapted to particular Characters in his Dramatic Piece, and by no means consonant with the idea he has of the sex.

THE
UNFORTUNATE LOVERS:

AN
ELEGIAC POEM.

PUBLISHED IN THE HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE FOR
OCTOBER 1790.

DARKNESS fled, and bright Sol cheer'd the hills
with his ray,

Chrystal dew-drops bespangl'd the scene;
And releas'd from the fold, the flocks hail'd the new
day,

As they wantonly frisk'd on the green.

K

When

When MARIA, sad maiden! approach'd the gay
plain,

Saline tears overflow'd her blue eyes;
Hapless love fill'd her soft snowy bosom with
pain,

And the morning breeze echo'd her sighs.

The sweet woodlark in vain, sung her Queen of the
grove,

Unattended the lambkins play'd round;
Whilst the Maid sought the Oak, long the scene of
her love,

And beneath it sat on the cold ground.

"Here," she cry'd "my fond Swain first reveal'd
his pure flame,

Here my innocent heart I resign'd;
On this tree's sacred bark, he engrav'd my lov'd
name,

Whilst a garland for him, I entwin'd.

When

When his honour, stern honour! call'd HENRY

afar,

And to join his brave comrades he flew;

"Love" said he, when we parted, "I go to the

war,

To return more deserving of you."

But three years, three long years, have since roll'd

o'er my head,

Whilst I daily have watch'd his return;

For with him ev'ry pleasure, and joy of life

fled,

And left me, wretched me, here to mourn."

As thus lovelorn she wail'd, from beneath the brown

shade,

She ascended the sloping hill's side;

From the summit old Ocean's expanse was dis-

play'd,

Where a sun-whiten'd sail she espy'd.

Now her high-beating heart boded HENRY at
hand,

And she came down the mountain apace,
But rough Boreas blew chill e'er she reach'd the shore
sand,

And the Halcyon sea wrinkl'd its face.

The bright sun disappear'd, fable clouds gather'd
round,

And the white waves began to roll high;
The fell Cormorant scream'd, and skim'd o'er the
profound,

Vivid lightning convuls'd the black sky:

Thunders shook the pale Virgin! the ship drew
nigh land,

Her dear HENRY appear'd on the deck;

When the ill-fated vessel was dash'd on the strand,

And there sunk a calamitous wreck.

The

The unfortunate Hero roll'd on the salt flood,
 Ev'ry wave brought him nearer his bride,
 'Till the blast hove him up on the rock where she
 stood,
 When she fell on his bosom, and dy'd.

Clouded Heaven shed tears, howling winds sung a
 dirge,
 Angels wafted their spirits to bliss;
 And their bodies borne off by the furious surge,
 Were intomb'd in the dreadful abyfs.

ON

ON THE
D E A T H
O F
MR. SAMUEL NEIL,
ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

WHEN Kings or Nobles meet their mortal doom,
And trembling yield to Death's superior sway;
What state awaits them to their gilded tomb!
What pageant trappings mock their putrid clay!

In Parian stone their pompous virtues shine,
(Virtues which seldom in their lives appear);
Celestial forms furround their painted shrine,
And sculptur'd Cherubs drop a marble tear.

But

But o'er this corse no plumes of fable fly,
No mimic tribe the Herald's baubles wave;
No formal grief, but friendship's genuine sigh,
Attends the Christian to his peaceful grave.

Yet when the proud mausoleum melts away,
And time destroys the adamantine bust;
The good man's name shall triumph o'er decay,
And Heav'n itself preserve his sacred dust.

CONJUGAL

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

WHEN ELLIOT, (call'd the Salamander)
 Was fam'd Gibraltar's stout Commander,
 A Soldier there went to a well,
 To fetch home water to his NELL,
 But Fate decreed the Youth to fall
 A victim to a cannon-ball.
 One brought the tidings to his spouse,
 Which drove her frantic from the house ;
 On wings of love the creature fled
 To seek her dear—he found him dead!
 Her Husband kill'd—the water spilt—
 Judge ye fond females what she felt !
 She look'd—she sigh'd—and melting spoke—
 “ Thank God the *Pitcher* is not broke.”

THE
SOLDIER'S FAREWELL;

WRITTEN LAST SUMMER, WHEN A SPANISH WAR
WAS THOUGHT INEVITABLE, AND THE
REGIMENT TO WHICH THE AUTHOR
BELONGS WAS UNDER ORDERS
FOR FOREIGN SERVICE.

AIR---SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

WHY heaves thy bosom, lovely maid?
Check those heart-rending sighs!
Nor let pale grief thy roses fade,
Nor tears bedim thine eyes;
Calm thy swollen breast and cease to mourn,
Dread not thy Soldier's fate,
For he, with glory shall return
To thee, my lovely KATE.

L

The'

Tho' to my Kate I bid adieu!
 Obedient to my call,
 Yet still my heart remains with you,
 My love, my life, my all;
 Whilst sacred honour calls me forth,
 Love fondly whispers—wait,
 But reason bids me prove my worth,
 And win my lovely KATE.

See, see, the glorious ensigns fly,
 The Drum, the trumpet sounds,
 My fellow-soldiers' hearts beat high,
 They feel their country's wounds;
 Impatiently they grasp their arms,
 Rage makes them all elate,
 But thou, alone, my bosom warms,
 My dear, my lovely KATE.

And

And when to scourge imperious Spain,
 I tread the Indian shore ;
 When blood shall drench the scorched plain,
 And Serpents bask in gore ;
 By thee invok'd, the pow'rs of love,
 Shall hover round thy mate,
 And for thy sake my guardians prove,
 My sweet, my lovely KATE.

If panting underneath the Line,
 Or tofs'd on raging floods ;
 If on bleak Polar hills I pine,
 Or stray thro' pathless woods ;
 Still thy dear image on my breast,
 Shall ev'ry danger cheat,
 And Desarts seem with roses drest,
 When I think on my KATE.

And when return'd to thy lov'd arms,
And toils, and dangers o'er;
Possess'd of all thy world of charms,
What can I wish for more?
Join'd to my fair celestial love,
In wedlock's happy state,
Thy Soldier then will be a Jove!
My Queen—my lovely KATE.

THE

T H E
CITY SPORTSMAN.

SIR NIMROD ask'd his City Friend,
 Some sporting days with him to spend;
 And lavish'd praises out of measure
 On horses, dogs, and country pleasure.
 With rapture TOWNLY heard the tale,
 And long'd to visit Hawthorn Dale ;
 So having left the busy town,
 To Roebuck-Hall they hasten'd down—
 Whereat a group (his Worship's lackeys)
 Of 'Squires, Parsons, Grooms, and Jockeys,
 Were met, to testify their zeal,
 And closely ply his Honor's ale :
 When loaded well with good October,
 To bed they tumbled, drunk and sober.

E're

E're Phœbus rose, the winding horn
 Proclaim'd the gentle frost-nipt morn;
 The booted Bumpkins quickly rallied,
 Sir NIMROD leading—out they sallied;
 And now the Knight (to please his friend)
 DIANA's mystic rites explain'd—
 Discours'd of scents, of packs astray,
 Of foxes earth'd, and stags at bay.—

“ And mind,” says he, “ when Ren appears,
 “ To listen well with all your ears—
 “ I'd lay my life to twenty pounds,
 “ You never heard such heav'nly sounds.—

And Doctor NUMPS, the learned Rector,
 The Cit address'd with bible lecture :

“ To hunt,” says he, “ the deer and fox,
 “ I'll plainly prove, is orthodox;

“ The

- " The founder of his Worship's race,
 " The Scripture tells us, lov'd the chace;
 " He was, it says, a hunter great,
 " As ever leap'd a five-bar gate;
 " He kept, no doubt, a noble stable,
 " A princely house, and smoaking table;
 " His Chaplain ne'er provok'd the Lord,
 " By saying grace at scanty board;
 " I'd swear his cellar swam with liquor,
 " To entertain the parish Vicar—
 " And in good truth, Sir, all his merits
 " His great succeffor here inherits.

Sir NIMROD thanked NUMPS, and swore,
 His faith was ne'er so strong before.—
 The grateful Knight was now proceeding
 To state the Doctor's depth of reading,
 When Reynard from the thicket scouts,
 The hills resound with rustic shouts;

The

The op'ning pack extend their throats,

And rend the skies with canine notes.

Sir NIMROD hollows, " Hark, my friend,

" Now, now the heav'nly found attend."

" Zounds! who can hear it?" TOWNLY cries,

" The curfed dogs make fuch a noife."

THE

THE CAPTIVE.

COME balmy sleep and seal my eyes,
Hush all my care beneath thy wings;
Carefs'd by thee, the wretch enjoys
A bliss deny'd to guilty Kings.

Thy magic wand transports me home,
Restores my Children, Friends, and Wife;
Strikes off my chains, and bids me roam,
To taste the sweets of social life.

But when thy dear enchantment flies,
My breast resumes its poignant load,
'Till thy return, unceasing sighs,
Re-echo thro' my dread abode.

M

My

My Cell admits no solar ray,
My torpid blood no breezes fan,
My ufelefs optics ne'er furvey
The GREAT CREATOR'S image—MAN.

The tardy Snail along thofe walls,
In filence plies his viscous road;
And on the noifome pavement crawls
The fullen, venom-bloated Toad.

Oh! how the tiny Cricket's note,
The drowfy Beetle's humming ftrain;
Or plaintive Moufe's treble throat,
Would charm, where filent horrors reign.

Come balmy fleep and feal my eyes,
Hufh all my cares beneath thy wings;
Carefs'd by thee, the wretch enjoys
A blifs deny'd to guilty Kings.

THE

T H E
PROVIDENT WIFE.

DISEASE, mankind's relentless foe,
 Had brought a plodding tradesman low ;
 And seeing Death's approaching dart,
 He found the world and he must part.
 Now conscience (who, as Parsons say,
 Must be our Judge another day),
 Awoke, and with officious haste,
 Before his eyes his actions plac'd,
 The dying man view'd all he'd done,
 And thus debated pro and con.

“ If in my shop I told a lie,
 “ Swore false, or sold my goods too high,
 “ 'Till now no scruples Conscience made,
 “ But reckon'd all as points in trade;

“ To slander names I ne’er was prone,
“ Except it was to save my own,
“ And I have heard that Sages saw
“ Self-preservation nature’s law—
“ Nor was it said (in all my life)
“ I coveted my neighbour’s wife;
“ Or ever was inclin’d to roam,
“ For why—I had enough at home ;
“ Feasts, fasts, and saints-days I was good in,
“ And honour’d Sunday with a pudding.”

Thus, both sides weigh’d with equal care,
He thought they ballanc’d pretty fair ;
So now could bid adieu to life,
And all he had, except his Wife.

“ Ah

" Ah me!" he cries, " and must I go,
 " And leave my better part below;
 " She who exerted all her power
 " To sweeten every bitter hour,
 " Who did her best without demurring,
 " And up, or down, was always stirring;
 " If I was out she would attend,
 " With pious care, a guest or friend;
 " My bus'ness ne'er was at a stand
 " For want of her assisting hand—
 " If at the warehouse JOHN was working,
 " She'd not about her room be lurking,
 " But would attend him day or night
 " To see he manag'd matters right;
 " In frost or snow, no odds what weather,
 " They'd be for hours there together;
 " If I came in, she'd kindly scold,
 " And send me off for fear of cold.—

" Can

“ Can she by me be now neglected,
“ Left husbandless and unprotected ?
“ No—at the thought I chill with horror,
“ I must—I will do something for her.”

He call'd the mourner to his bed ;
She, weeping came, and hung her head—
Soft melancholy grac'd her mien,
Yet in her face it might be seen,
She bore the dreadful visitation,
With pious christian resignation.
The husband saw her swelling grief,
And long'd to give her breast relief,—

“ I see,” says he, “ you cannot bear
“ The thoughts of parting with your dear,
“ But do not think you are forgotten,
“ No—you'll be happy when I'm rotten ;

“ And,

" And, precious foul, when I am gone

" I'd have you marry honest JOHN—

" You know he'll mind the bus'ness well,

" Let that, and my request prevail."—

The Wife return'd " compose your breast

" My love, and set your heart at rest ;

" For, dearest life, I'd have you know,

" That matter's settled long ago."

LINES

(93)

ON THE

ROYAL RECOVERY;

EXHIBITED UNDERNEATH A TRANSPARENT BUST

OF

HIS MAJESTY,

(PAINTED BY THE AUTHOR)

ON THE NIGHT OF THE GENERAL ILLUMINATION

IN 1789.

FLY haggard GRIEF, thou Demon of despair,

Nor ever more approach those happy Isles ;

From ev'ry breast avaunt corroding CARE,

For Heav'n again upon our Sov'reign smiles.

Hail Royal GEORGE ! hail VIRTUE's sacred seat !

Right hand of JUSTICE, WISDOM's darling Son,

Thy grateful people (prostrate at thy feet)

Congratulate thy re-assumed throne.

Thy

Thy regal fun in noon-day splendor rose,

But FACTION dire its beauteous course would
shroud ;

Yet long it's Glory shall confound thy foes,

And when it sets, go down without a cloud.

For FATE decrees the British NESTOR's reign,

To bless the rising age, and humble FRANCE and
SPAIN.

N

EXPECTATION.

EXPECTATION.

EXTEND your wings ye tardy minutes,
Darkness spread thy sable veil;
To covert fly ye noisy linnets,
Welcome-lovelorn nightingale.

The Fays in light fantastic measure,
Now approach the daisied greens;
The smiling Paphian Queen of Pleasure
Visits her nocturnal scenes.

The happy moment now advances,
Fancy bodes my STREPHON near;
What extasy my breast entrances,
When his well-known steps I hear.

But,

But, O! when sunk in his embraces,
Transports thro' my bosom roll,
Which, Lethe-like, all thought erases,
And in bliss absorbs my soul.

THE INVOCATION.

DEAR CUPID, God of fond desires
Descend, and fan our mutual fires,
Thy Torch display, and kindly spread
Thy golden wings around our bed.

Dear VENUS leave IDALIA'S grove,
Make this thy fav'rite seat of Love ;
The smiling Graces hither lead,
And revel round our happy bed.

No more restraint shall check our joy,
Or wrinkl'd Care its sweets alloy ;
From hence all anxious doubts are fled.
And laughing Loves wait round our bed.

RESIGNATION.

RESIGNATION.

AIR—A ROSETREE IN FULL BEARING.

WHEN Beauty first engages

The bosom of the youthful swain,
The flame resistless rages,

And Love assumes his transient reign;
O how the Loon's delighted,

If sympathy repays his sighs,
But if his passion's slighted

The hapless youth despairing dies.

Not so the practis'd Lover,
His haughty Fair may frown, or smile,
The fascination's over,

And falsehood he returns with guile;

Tho' EMMA's guilt's disclosed,

Philosophy secures my rest;

I'll meet my Fate composed,

And pluck the Viper from my breast.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN ON SEEING

MISS CAMPION

PERFORM IN THE CHARACTER OF

ELWINA, IN PERCY,

AND RECITING

COLLINS'S ODE ON THE PASSIONS,

ON THE NIGHT OF HER BENEFIT.

LET venal Bards (for public fame)

Make BILLINGTON their hackney'd theme,

In adulating lays;

Or let the name of SIDDONS ring,

Be mine the pleasing task to fing,

The gentle CAMPION'S praise.

To

To read ELWINA's hapless love,
 A sympathetic breast might move,
 Or cause a tear to flow ;

But CAMPION's magic voice and mien,
 Revive the story in the Scene,
 With more than native woe.

The nervous Verse, tho' COLLINS join'd
 To paint the fluctuating mind,

 And trace the PASSIONS' source ;
 Inanimate the Stanzas lay,
 'Till CAMPION bade their beauties play,
 And gave their tendons force.

Her silver tongue, the living lyre,
 Impregnates ev'ry line with fire,
 Makes ev'ry word a dart :
 At her command the Passions roll,
 Extatic bliss enchants the soul,
 Or sorrows writhe the heart.

Hail

Hail sage EUTERPE's daughter fair!

Hail smiling THALIA's choicest care!

Thy Fame shall long endure;

And like the Bard of Avon's side

Reign thou thy native City's pride,

And AVON raise in SWIR.

St.

ST. PADDY'S DAY.

INTRODUCTORY.

REVOLVING time bids darkness fly,

And grey AURORA, thro' the sky

Emits a silver ray ;

Great PHOEBUS, in refulgent state

Appears before the orient gate,

And brings St. PADDY'S Day.

The downy songsters of the spring,

With joy elate, mount on the wing,

And chaunt their matin lay ;

The youthful Lambs transported bound,

The shamrock decks the vernal ground,

To welcome PADDY'S Day.

O

And

And will the brave Hibernian fail ?

No—he'll be first the Saint to hail,

And filial honours pay ;

With tuneful pipes, harmonic song,

And native Whiskey, old and strong,

He'll crown St. PADDY's Day.

(103)

ON THE
R E V I E W
OF THE
51st. AND 61st. Regiments

IN CORK, JUNE 13th 1791.

BY Hesper warn'd, APOLLO's watchful train
The swift-wing'd Hours, prepare his saphire wain,
The Steeds advance—the Orient Gates unfold—
Black Night retreats—the Welkin flames with gold ;
Whilst wide-mouth'd FAME, the Hero's Goddess, flies
Before the Car, and thus exulting cries.

O 2

“ Two

" Two British Bands, whose brave exploits adorn
" Historic pages, will this smiling morn
" Near favour'd Lee, display their martial might
" In grand Review, before the Chieftain WHYTE."
As FAME's report loquacious Echo hears,
To Gods, and Men, the pompous tale she bears.

And now great MARS, Majestic God of War,
Ascends in state, his sanguinary Car,
The foaming courfers snorting shake the reins,
Like meteors fly, and reach Hibernia's plains:
He halts aloft—the Lee beneath him runs—
Unseen he views his brave approaching sons,
Led by bold MOOR the senior Corps draws nigh,
It gains the field, its ensigns wave on high;
The verdant Oak adorns each Soldier's head,
At *Minden won, where Gauls before them fled.

They

* The 51st. Regiment was at the battle of Minden, and all the British Infantry wore Oak bows in their hats that day, which they still retain in commemoration of that glorious event.

They form, advance, and press the founding green,
 Whilst martial ardour brightens ev'ry mien;
 Now from their arms terrific thunders fly,
 And clouds of smok eclipse the azure sky.

See, see, the grove emits resplendent rays,
 And bending trees salute the radiant blaze;
 The wond'ring crowd with eager eyes survey
 A moving light, which seems a second day;
 They now behold in militant parade,
 The golden BUFFS emerging from the shade;
 Heroic GORDON bears the chief command,
 Brave OWEN second in the God-like band;
 The Phalanx now upon the plain appears,
 Its front is grac'd with BARLOW'S Grenadiers;
 Reduc'd to line, they halt in just array,
 The Gen'ral's smiles his warm applause convey;
 Snow-tinted Plumes, bright Buff, and beaming arms
 Delight his eye—his ear the music charms.

Now

Now tactic skill the evolutions prove,
 As they in column or battalia move;
 The muskets' thunder in responsive peals,
 Roll round the hills, and echo thro' the dales;
 The Satyrs fly, the Dryades quit the grove,
 The sound is dreaded as the voice of Jove;
 Soft Lee recoils, its gentle bosom heaves,
 And frighted Naiades plunge beneath its waves.
 Exulting ARES lifts his sable crest,
 His eyes, and ears, enjoy a sumptuous feast,
 He smiles applause, and now the banquet o'er,
 The Car recedes, and leaves Hibernia's shore.

Imperial FAME, who view'd the warlike fight,
 Her wings displays, and takes her airy flight;
 She cuts the ether, eyes the frozen pole,
 Beneath her feet the Baltic furies roll;
 Now lights before the mad Czarina's court,
 Her trumpet sounds, and spreads the dread report.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile sage PALLAS mark'd the route of FAME,
And thus address'd the sanguinary dame.

- " Imperious Queen, does dire ambition's rage
" Still thy infatuated breast engage?
" Thy callous ear, FAME's faithful tale has heard,
" What martial Heroes Justice has prepar'd ;—
" At Mercy's call, should they invade thy land,
" Will thy base slaves this free-born force withstand ?
" No, thy proud Host whose laurels stream with blood,
" And thou must fly, should Britons cross the flood ;
" By vengeance driven from thy native plains
" To hide in snows where endless winter reigns ;
" The lovely regions of old Grecia's realms,
" Which thy rude hand with horror overwhelms,
" Thou too must leave, and change those scenes so
 fair,
" For dreary climes, beneath the Arctic Bear."

Thus

Thus spoke the Maid, and rising cleft the sky,
Like lightning westward glanc'd her eager eye;
To Britain's blissful Isle her course she ply'd,
And re-assum'd her seat at Royal GEORGE's side.

✠ This Poem was written on the Afternoon of the Review-Day, after returning from the Field.

AN ACROSTIC.

Y E prostrate waves, adore in murmurs bland,
 O r rise and greet, the Nymphs that grace your strand;
 U mbrageous Elms, that skirt this scene of Love,
 G lad homage pay the Dryades of your grove;
 H ail your protecting Deitys, whose charms
 A s Helen's did, might raise the world in arms:
 L ong shall ye then, ye floods, unrival'd glide,
 L ong, ye blest trees, retain your vernal pride.

M ight I (divine inspirers) ask of Heav'n
 A boon so large, I'd say, to me be given
 L ong life to celebrate your praise—and dead—
 L et me possess this spot, where Angels tread.

P

WRITTEN

WRITTEN AT THE COMMENCEMENT

OF THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FREEDOM, dearest right of Man,

Sent by Justice here below,

Thro' the earth thy blessing ran,

Ev'ry bosom felt thy glow;

But Tyrants saw thy happy reign,

And soon prepar'd the galling Chain.

Then

Then each Monster chance had Thron'd,
 Banish'd FREEDOM from his land ;
 Each desponding nation groan'd,
 Crush'd beneath an iron hand ;
 'Till pitying Heav'n said " Be free ;
 " Once more regain your Liberty."

Now the gracious mandate flys,
 Despotism trembling hears ;
 " FREEDOM, FREEDOM," GALLIA cries,
 " Come and dry our heart-sprung tears ;
 " United Frenchmen court thy smiles,
 " Dear Goddess of the BRITISH Isles."

P A R A P H R A S E
ON THE
LORD'S PRAYER.

JEHOVAH Father of mankind,

First Cause, eternal Flame :

In light ineffable enshrin'd,

All-hallow'd be thy Name.

Assume thy promis'd reign of Love,

Thy Grace on all bestow ;

And as thy will is done above,

So be it done below.

Our

Our daily bread in mercy send,
And all our wants relieve;
Thy pardon grant, when we offend,
And help us to forgive.

Let not the TEMPTER'S wily snare
His fell design fulfil;
But with thy dear paternal care
Deliver us from ill.

All pow'r's in thy omnific hand,
Thy Glory ALL adore;
Immutable thy Throne shall stand,
When fleeting Time's no more.

ON CHRISTMAS.

AS tardy Night's somnific wain
Roll'd slowly o'er Judea's plain,
In black Tartarean state ;
A Herald Angel rob'd with light,
Thro' boundless ether wing'd his flight,
From Heav'ns empyreal gate.

The fable-vested Goddess fled,
Creation flam'd with vivid red,
And rous'd astonish'd day ;
The harmless lambkins frisk'd around,
But guilty man embrac'd the ground
With conscience-smote dismay.

Celestial

Celestial glory flush'd the sky,
The splendid Hierarch drew nigh;
Engag'd on high behest;
Yet not to Princes, great on earth,
But Shepherds, men of humble birth,
His mission he address'd.

" Fear not," said he, " behold I bring
" Glad tidings of a new-born King,
" By Heav'ns bright host ador'd;
" And now to Earth's remotest bound,
" All tongues the matchless name shall sound
" Of JESU, CHRIST the LORD.

" To David's city (long foretold)
" Go, and the infant God behold,
" Born of a holy maid;
The great, the mighty Lord of all,
Is nurtur'd in an ox's stall,
" And in a manger laid."

Now

Now with the Messenger divine,
The shining Cherub-legions join,
Drawn from the realms above;
The wonder-fill'd Seraphic Pow'rs,
Quit their eternal, blissful bow'rs,
To view redeeming Love.

And thus they sing in grateful theme,
"Glory to God, the King supreme,
"Peace and good-will to men."
The Moon, and each celestial fire,
Earth, Sea, and lambent Air conspire,
To swell the sacred strain.

The Anthem ceas'd—the Heav'nly train,
From Palestina's fair domain,
Regain'd their blest abode;
And now again the gloomy Queen,
Thro' dewy clouds, with fullen mien,
In murky triumph rode.

PARAPHRASTICAL VERSION

OF THE

FIRST CHAPTER OF JOB.

WHEN JACOB'S house in verdant Goshen's land,
Was fed by JOSEPH'S providential hand,
JOB dwelt in Uz, and held his wide domain
Near blest Arabia's odour-breathing plain.
The man was just, and from his early days
He fear'd his God, and shunn'd unholy ways.

P

To

To him, seven sons of princely mien were born,
 And three fair daughters, blooming as the morn ;
 Seven thousand sheep compos'd his mighty fold,
 And wanton'd o'er the Orient hills of gold ;
 To him, three thousand docile Camels bore,
 Rich India's gems, and Afric's precious store
 For him, five hundred yoke of Oxen till'd
 The fallow plain, and plenty-bearing field ;
 Five hundred female Asses own'd him Lord,
 Convey'd his household, and supply'd his board.
 His menial suit was great, and he confess'd
 The Chief of all the wealth-abounding East.

And lo ! his sons on consecrated days
 (To join in youthful sport and rural lays)
 Reciprocally prov'd each other's guest,
 And bade their sisters to the genial feast.
 But when the annual Jubilee was past,
 The careful father with religious haste,

And

And due oblations, his fair offspring brought
Before his God, and thus his favour sought :

“ If, Lord,” said he, “ when mirth and pleasure
reign’d,

“ My thoughtless sons thy holy name profan’d,

“ Accept their sacrifice, their guilt remove,

“ And bless them with thy dear paternal love.”

Thus acted JOSEPH, as circling years went round,

And due reward his matchless virtue crown’d.

Now, on a time, the host of Angels bright,

Assembled round the sacred Throne of Light ;

And SATAN, also, once their proud compeer,

With squalid aspect, fraught with guile, drew near

To censure faithful JOSEPH before his God,

Or prove vindictive judgment's willing rod :

When thus the Lord arraign'd the Prince of Pride :

“ Whence comest thou ? and SATAN thus reply'd :

" From going up and down, and to and fro

" Thy last created fav'rite world below,,

" I thee approach'd with this celestial choir,

" For tho' accurs'd, thy Grace I still admire."

When Heav'n's high Lord, who knew his inmost soul,
Interrogated thus, the Cenfor soul :

" Hast thou consider'd that my Servant Job

" Hath not his peer on that poluted globe?

" A just, and perfect man, who walks upright

" And undefiled in my spotless sight ;

" Who fears his God, and shuns corruption's tide :"

To whom the Fiend, with words malign reply'd :

" Doth Job fear God for nought ? Hast thou not bless'd

" His worldly store, and all his goods increas'd ?

" On ev'ry side hast thou not fenc'd him round,

" Nor suffer'd sorrow's sting his peace to wound :

" Dost thou not still a doating Father prove

" To that soft minion of thy fost'ring love ?

But

" But what thy bounty gave, of him remand,

" Bend him beneath oppression's chilling hand,

" Withdraw thy favour, leave him in disgrace,

" And he'll blaspheme thee to thy very face."

Now Job's great friend, the Accuser to confute,

And prove his servant's faith, that grants his suit:

" All he possesses is at thy command,

" But on his person lay thou not thy hand."

When thus commissioned, SATAN rais'd his crest,

Whilst canker'd joy swell'd his malignant breast;

He view'd his prey, exulting at the sight,

Shook his black plumes, and wing'd his fatal flight.

Now, on a day, Job's sons and daughters fair,

Assembled at the mansion of the Heir,

To celebrate a customary feast,

Where each had oft-times been a welcome guest:

When lo! a Ploughman, breathless, faint and pale,

Brought rev'rend Job this melancholy tale:

" As

" As thro' the glebe the Oxen dragg'd the share,
 " And on the turf the asses cropt their fare,
 " Our savage foes, the fell Sabeau train,
 " Surpris'd and swept them off the sun-burnt plain;
 " Yea, flew the servants also, with the sword,
 " And I alone escap'd, to bring thee word."

And while he spoke, a shepherd swain drew near
 With hasty steps, and visage stamp'd with fear,
 And thus began: " As on the mountain's side

" The sportive flocks display'd their fleecy pride,
 " A sable cloud involv'd the azure sky,
 " Red lightnings glar'd, and thunders roll'd on high;
 " The heav'nly vault with swift destruction low'r'd;
 " And fiery torrents from its concave pour'd;
 " The sheep and keepers by its fury fell,
 " While, scarce with life, I fled their fate to tell."

And while he spoke, a Camelteer appear'd,
 Who thus his tale with fault'ring tongue declar'd:

" The fierce Chaldeans, form'd in triple bands,
 " The burthen'd Camels seiz'd with ruthless hands,

The

" The Drivers also, by those hostile crews,

" Are all destroy'd, save I who bring the news."

And now the final Messenger of woe,

Gave suff'ring Job this poignant, fatal blow

" As thy devoted progeny were met,

" To share their prince-like elder brother's treat,

" From Hagar's scorch'd inhospitable waste,

" A furious, blood-fraught, devastating blast,

" In circling Eddys wheel'd its dreadful course,

" And on the dwelling spent its deadly force;

" The fabric fell, and with its rude embrace,

" Involv'd in death thy inauspicious race;

" I, only, of the household servants fled,

" The rest are in the gen'ral ruin dead."

Now, Job arose, and rent his splendid vest,

Made bare his head, and smote his grief-swoln breast;

Yet no repining plaints by him were made,

But falling prostrate on the ground, he said

" Weak,

" Weak, poor, and naked, came I from the womb,

" And naked shall descend into the tomb ;

" Whate'er I had, God's bounty did bestow,

" He rais'd me high, and he has brought me low ;

" From him my good, from him my evil came,

" Eternal praise be to his holy name."

Thus, loss of children, friends, and worldly store,

The patient Job without a murmur bore,

Resign'd he kiss'd affliction's heavy rod,

And bow'd submissive to the will of God.

✠ The above Paraphrase was written five or six years ago, at which time the Author had not the least idea of it ever coming before the public, and in general he attended more to Scriptural than Poetical Phrases. On reading it since he is by no means pleas'd with the composition, and would have suppress'd it but at the request of some particular friends. — The following Chapter was paraphras'd since.

A

PARAPHRASTICAL VERSION

OF THE

FOURTH CHAPTER OF JOB.

ELIPHAZ now with holy fervor burn'd,
 And thus the Temanite to JOB return'd;
 Will just reproof augment thy writhing pain?
 Yet who can hear thee and from speech refrain?
 When wealth and splendor blest'd thy princely state,
 And needy Clients crowded at thy gate,

Q

Thy

Thy sage advice suppress'd the rising sigh,
 Thy balmy council cheer'd the tear-dim'd eye.
 But now the blandishments of life are fled,
 And grim destruction hovers o'er thy head,
 Thou shrink'st before the pointed wrath of God,
 Arraign'st thy Judge, and fly'st his vengeful rod.
 But can JEHOVAH on the guiltless frown ?
 Or dire afflictions cast the righteous down ?
 No—heav'nly Justice tells us, they who sow
 Unrighteous seeds, reap fruits of grief and woe ;
 With certain course vindictive judgments roll,
 Glide o'er the good, but crush the guilty soul.
 The savage tyrants, brutes of human race,
 Who Lions-like their hapless species chase,
 Themselves to rapine fall a sanguine prey,
 Their houses sink, their progeny decay.
 Now hear advice to me in secret given,
 And understand the just rebuke of Heav'n.
 When Night had finish'd half her fable round,
 And despot Sleep frail man in fetters bounds ;

Aborb'd

Abforb'd in thought I prefs'd my restless bed,
 Unusual terrors fill'd my soul with dread,
 And lo ! a spectre rose before my face,
 His awful form, surprise forbade to trace,
 My joints relax'd, fear chill'd my curdling blood,
 My hair erect, with bristling horror stood,
 With voice terrific now the phantom spoke,
 And thus the gloomy, fear-fraught silence broke :
 " Shall man, presumptuous wretch contend with God,
 " Or guide the hand which form'd him from the clod ?
 " Behold, the radiant Heav'n-born sons of light,
 " Appear polluted in his spotless sight,
 " Can mortals then be faultless, pure, and just ?
 " Poor grov'lings reptiles, offspring of the dust,
 " From morn to eve they fall in swift decay,
 " And mix, unnotic'd, with their native clay ;
 " Their wealth and glory vanish with their breath,
 " And all their boasted Wisdom sinks in death.

SONG

S O N G.

AIR—THE COOLAN.

WHEN these eyes first beheld EMMA'S exquisite
 charms,

O, ye Gods! with what pleasure I flew to her arms;

But the transport I felt when the Priest made her
 mine,

What expression can picture :—'twas rapture divine!

So awoke the fair morn of our nuptial day,

All was joyous within—all without us was gay;

But the sun of our love scarce the zenith had gain'd,

When a tempest arose and the hemisphere stain'd.

Thus the scenes which fond passion so eagerly drew,

Quickly vanish, and horrors arise to my view;

And here Love, transient Love, with my happiness
 wrecks,

For as EMMA'S unfaithful, adieu to the sex.

THE

THE
ORIGIN
OF
MODERN CROPS.

A Certain PRINCE of Royal Parts,
 Who sage MENDOZA's *lib'ral* arts,
 And all the *persevering* skill
 Of *lofty* *CHIFNEY, has at will ;
 Thro' James's Park one morning stroll'd,
 Where Beaus their airy Levee hold ;
 Where Poets court the tuneful Nine,
 And 'midst the balmy zephyrs dine ;
 High on his *wisdom-loaded* pate,
 A wig appear'd in solemn state ;

* A celebrated Jockey belonging to his Highness.

The gaping Foplings stood amaz'd,
 They gaz'd and star'd, and star'd and gaz'd ;
 The rev'rend grizzle charm'd their view;—
 Sure none but Brutes would wear a Queue:

The frizzl'd Bucks now stirr'd their thanks,
 And left the Park in close-wedg'd ranks,
 The Barbers mansions fill'd apace,
 And shears remov'd the foul disgrace:
 Not one would let his tail escape,
 Each Monkey must become an Ape :
 And down the sneering Shaver hawls,
 Crops, Bags, and Bobtails from the walls,
 Where long the Blocks in lofty station,
 Had look'd like some *wise* Corporation;
 But now their Worships all are stripp'd,
 And other *woodden* pates equipp'd.

Thus trimm'd, and furnish'd to a *Hair*,
 Forth rush'd the Heroes, on the Fair :

And

And Cupid, bent on wounding hearts,
 From ev'ry wig discharg'd his darts;
 But Heav'n, in pity to the sex,
 The sanguinary slaughter checks;
 So bids the Prince again appear,
 Who now, as usual, wore his hair!

The wig that grac'd the royal spark
 Was just return'd to STAVE the Clerk,
 For STAVE had long its master been,
 Tho' once it crown'd a learned Dean,
 And often in St. James's Chapel,
 Beneath this consecrated dapple,
 A Rev'rend Block, with canon thunder,
 Had rais'd a pious monarch's wonder;
 And told rebellious Whigs, that KINGS
 (As scripture prov'd) were sacred *things*.

Again the Beaus with lengthen'd Phizes,
 Review this Protean Prince of Quizes;

But

But now all imitation fails,
And Puppys moan their fever'd tails;
Each imprecates his close-prun'd noddle,
And eyes in vain the Royal model:

Enrag'd, the Prigs their Perukes spurn,
Who soon to Puff and Co. return;
And while they grace their native shops,
Their owners swagger—MODERN CROPS,

ABSENCE.

MARIA, lovely, constant maid,
 How long shall I complain?
 When will my sorrow be repaid
 By viewing thee again?

What tho' a hundred leagues of sea
 Between us proudly roll;
 The chain which links my heart to thee,
 Would reach to either pole.

When by the Nadir Sol's enjoy'd,
 Or he the Zenith warms;
 My fond idea's still employ'd
 Contemplating thy charms.

R

Nor

Nor time, nor place, can e'er remove
Thy image from my heart ;
The adamantine bonds of love,
Forbid our souls to part.

And O! dear girl ! the day will come,
When I shall clasp thy charms ;
Delightful thought ! no more to roam !
No more to quit thy arms !

CONCLUSION.

CONCLUSION.

THE Reader will recollect he was told, that about this place, he would find something of what generally forms Prefatory Discourses; namely, an Apology for the work; but because I would not give the Public a despicable opinion of these pages before they had read them, I thought it prudent to let this specific bring up the rear, instead of fixing it in the van-guard of my Detached Pieces.

When I first acquiesced to the *advice* (mind I don't say *request*) of my Friends, to publish; I look'd over the fruits of my former labour, and found them totally unfit for the purpose; as I never wrote with any other view than to amuse myself, or gratify an acquaintance; the subjects were mostly personal, and either too pointed or too domestic for Public Inspection; and the Regiment to which I belonged having
received

received orders for foreign service, there seemed but little prospect of my getting reasonable time to prepare any thing that might be entertaining; however in a few weeks I wrote the **DYING NEGROSS**, **BALWIN** and **GENEVIVE**, with several other Pieces which make up the principal part of the work; but as we expected every day to embark, I was necessitated to huddle the whole together, without any particular attention to order. I have since purchased my discharge, but the book being at Press, I was consequently obliged to let it come forth in its present state.

I return my sincere thanks to the numerous, and very respectable Ladies and Gentlemen who have honoured me with their Support, and hope that any irregularity, or inelegance, that may be seen in these trifles, will not induce them to withdraw their favor if I should ever hereafter solicit their Patronage.

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F I N I S.





